

Baxter Springs News

CHAS. L. SMITH, Editor & Owner

BAXTER SPRINGS - KANSAS

CONDITIONS DEMAND REFORM

Disturbances in the Neighborhood of Schools Draw Warm Rebuke From Writer.

In Brooklyn a school reported that on one side it had a stone yard from which issued shrill whistling sounds of cutting accompanied by blows of mallets used in chipping the stone. On the other it had a junk shop of iron from which came the noise of the continual dropping of metal. On the third was a wheelwright where hammering on the heated rims went on most distressingly. A fourth source of disturbance was the number of street vendors who infested the neighborhood; fifth was the passing before the door of a line of trolley cars. Another principal wrote that the school was surrounded by garages and stables, and that the noise incidental to the repair of vehicles was almost unbearable. In still another neighborhood where garages abounded the street was turned into a huge repair shop, and there, undisturbed by the police, the noisiest kinds of work were carried on for hours. Other principals reported factories, car barns and taxicab stations as unpleasant neighbors, whose noise was deplorable.

As for the annoyance of street singers and musicians, push cart peddlers and cash-clothes men, German bands and Italian ragmen, vegetable hucksters and other vendors, few schools apparently were free from them. And these are the conditions under which we permit our children to study—to our shame be it said!—Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, in the Forum.

William Was a "Cement"

William, three and a half years old, had noted and had become interested in an arrangement of his father with an older brother, Dick. By this arrangement the older brother was called Lieutenant, and it was his end of the game to salute and then obey without question and promptly any order father gave. The arrangement seemed to please father no less than it did William, who, after watching the military affairs for a day or two, without being observed, sprang one himself. Father, looking up suddenly from his paper one evening, was surprised to see his youngest with a hand held in rigid salute. He had evidently been waiting patiently for some time.

"Hullo, there," said the father, hardly prepared for a new recruit, "what is this? Another Lieutenant?" "Nope; ain't a lieutenant," said William, saluting with the other hand. "Dick's lieutenant. William's a cement."

England's Army of Stilt-Walkers. Thousands of men in England earn their living during a considerable portion of the year by their ability to walk and work on tall stilts. Most of them are employed in the hop fields of Kent and other districts, where they have displaced the high stepladders formerly in use.

During the pole-stringing season the stilt walkers, 12 feet from the ground, perform the work with ease and without loss of time or motion. A trained stiltman will do the work of four or five men working with stepladders.—Exchange.

Apropos of Tripoli.

Apropos of the war in Tripoli, Col. Henry C. Hamilton said the other day in Monterey: "A man asked me this morning whether you 'dispatch' troops or 'despatch' them. I answered: "If they are your own troops you 'despatch' them; but if they are the enemy's, you 'dispatch' them, with the accent on the di."

Record for Sheep Herding.

Henry Gayton, shepherd for over 60 years on a farm near Brayfield-on-the-Green, Northants, England, has probably established a record for long service in his line. He has worked on the same farm for 64 years, having begun at the age of 6 as a bird scarer. He still minds the sheep, harvests, and does odd jobs, and is happy with a weekly wage of 16 shillings. His wife still lives. They have 12 children born to them, rearing them all.—The Argonaut.

Abnormal Bachelor.

"Do you know Binglehoffer?" "Yes." "He's positively uncanny." "Why do you think so?" "He keeps his socks in the same place all the time."

A Risk.

"You ran a great risk when you proposed to your fiancée on a mountain gorge." "Why so?" "Think of the consequence if she had thrown you over!"

Lecturer's Sore Throat.

Miss Elisabeth Marbury, New York's noted-theatrical agent, was condemning at the Colony club the scolding type of woman. "You can always tell her," said Miss Marbury. "If you can't tell her in one way, you can tell her in another. I said to a woman the other Sunday: "Why, my dear, how hoarse you are!" "Yes," she answered angrily. "My husband was out late last night."

MADE A THING OF THE PAST

Physical Culture in Schools Has Done Away With the Old-time Shoulder Braces.

Some things of common necessity have been passing away without notice of their leave taking. Not infrequently, a few years ago, at the breakfast table, the mother of the family, addressing the putative head of the household, would say: "John, I'm really disturbed about Jane. She's growing right up. I've had to take two tucks out of her dress." "Humph! I suppose girls must grow." "Yes, John, but that's not what I mean to call attention to. She stoops awfully. In spite of everything I say she won't stand up straight. And there's Billy, too. He bends over like an old woman. Those children need shoulder braces. The sooner they have them the better. It mustn't be put off another day."

In that yesterday every drug store had a supply of shoulder braces. They were advertised in the newspapers in liberal space and there was an active demand for them. Very little is heard about shoulder braces today, and boys and girls seem to be growing up straight enough without such appliances.

The reason for the passing of the shoulder brace for children will be recognized as soon as mentioned. The lack of demand is almost wholly due to the fact that more attention is now paid to physical training in our public schools than was the case a few years ago. The girls are greatly improved thereby. They walk better and carry themselves better. As for the boys, they are encouraged to engage in athletic exercises which tend to better them physically and carry out the old Roman saying of "a sound mind in a sound body."

For the advance that has been made praise is due to the gymnastic training advocated by a large German element here for years before it was given a tardy recognition. When the girls get a little older they will slip into corsets, probably, but even then, no matter how tight fitting, they have been so built up physically that they will not be transformed into hour-glass patterns quite as readily as if their bodies had not been given proper care when young. As for the boys, they will grow into lusty young manhood, with bodies fitted to enjoy to the utmost the keenest outdoor sports and athletic exercises.—Indianapolis News

Those Old Legends.

"Beautiful view here from the veranda." "Beautiful!" "This is a most picturesque old resort." "Oh, very!" "And the autumn foliage is beautiful." "Beautiful!" "You have been here before, I presume?" "We come up every year." "There must be some legends connected with this delightfully quaint old place." "There are." "Won't you tell us the stories of some of them?"

"Well, that fat woman yonder says her husband is a rich broker; that tall woman says she comes here because she's tired of London and Paris; and that thin girl, the one with the undecided nose, says she's worried to death because her parents want her to marry a dissipated and impecunious duke."

Pots of Glass.

A process has recently been invented in France to produce glass flower pots at very low cost. The pots are like ordinary flower pots, both in size and shape. They are said to be more substantial and have proved to resist the pressure of ice or frozen earth better. Being handsome in appearance, they are fine for potted gale coverings that soon get soiled. When sunk into the earth they remain clean, as neither dirt nor moss adheres. The inside walls being smooth, plants can easily be slipped out, and they are, therefore, excellent for potting plants with many roots. The thickness of the glass, with the consequent lack of porosity, is also said to be an advantage, for the air remains sweet longer in a glass pot than in an ordinary pot, and there is less danger of drying out. While the initial cost of glass pots is somewhat higher, they are really cheaper in the end, because more durable.

In Mr. Balfour's Early Days.

Apparently Mr. Balfour's powers as a politician did not impress those with whom he came into contact during his early days. According to that famous veteran parliamentarian, Sir John Eldon Gorst, who was a prominent member of the famous "fourth party" to which Mr. Balfour first attached himself, no one expected that Arthur Balfour would one day be a leading statesman and premier. Says Sir John, "He was a good speaker when others inspired him, but we did not take him very seriously. His aesthetic tastes and love of music were something of a joke among us. So much so, in fact, that Lord Randolph Churchill would say: "Go and take my wife to a concert, Balfour, while I stay at home and talk real business."

The Natural Trend.

"I know of one place which should be a paradise for real estate men, the ground rents show such activity." "Where is that?" "In the earthquake region."

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Broadway Is Routed by a 'Monster'



NEW YORK.—No sign remained in the Broadway theater district the next morning following the scenes that were enacted there one night when a maddened beast charged up and down, spreading terror and consternation, causing handsomely gowned women to faint and strong men to leave their cocktails untouched and flee for safety. That lion with the burning tail that broke loose during the Coney Island fire last spring was a tame affair in comparison with the Broadway monster.

The beast is described in the police blotter as a small fox terrier, but it is evident that the police were anxious to minimize the seriousness of the panic. Hundreds of the witnesses will testify that the animal was at least eight feet tall. Its foaming mouth and wicked fangs were too terrible for description.

The beast was seen first at Broadway and Forty-second street. With a blood-curdling "Bow, wow!" it rushed up to a beautiful woman and planted its paws on her skirt. Her companion rushed to her assistance and fearlessly planted a kick in the monster's ribs. "Ki, yi!" screamed the wild thing, as it tore off down Broadway. At Fortieth street, two boys, with the foolhardiness of youth, tried to seize the animal by its stubby tail. The beast turned upon them and bayed horribly. Scores of witnesses say that both boys were bitten, but the unimaginative police deny this.

On to Thirty-ninth street, scattering pedestrians right and left, raced the great dog, if dog indeed it was. At the corner it rubbed its horrid head against a freshly creased pair of trousers and emitted a whine that was even more terrifying than its bark. The owner of the trousers sprinted through Thirty-ninth street, uttering cries of fear, and the beast raced madly after him.

At Thirty-ninth street and Sixth avenue stands the Hotel Mumm. The trousers disappeared through the portal of the cafe and the pursuing animal bounded after them. The cafe immediately was thrown into the wildest confusion. The cigar case and many chairs and tables were overturned, and the patrons of the place rushed for the exits. "Mad dog!" they cried as they dashed into the street.

Even the police were forced to admit then that the situation called for desperate measures. Patrolmen McNamara and Dobbins drew their revolvers. Dobbins shot straight and true, and the monster keeled over in the gutter.

Brother and Sister Meet After Years

BALTIMORE.—Separated for more than a half century, but united through the efforts of a brother and sister, who live across the ocean, William Wilson of Island Point, Vt., and his sister, Mrs. Catherine Wallace of this city, are spending a few days together at Mrs. Wallace's home in northeast Baltimore.

It was in 1860 that Mr. Wilson, just then arrived at the age of manhood, left his home in County Tyrone, Ireland, to tempt his luck in America. His little sister Catherine bade him good-by. Mr. Wilson went to Massachusetts and afterward took up farming in Vermont. His sister followed him across the Atlantic seven years afterward and made her home in Philadelphia. In the meantime she had been corresponding with her brother. Mr. Wilson moved, and though Mrs. Wallace was given his new address she lost it.

That was 35 years ago, and in all the intervening years no word passed between the two. In the meantime Mr. Wilson was prospering and was becoming a man of influence in his community. By thrift and industry he managed to make his way in the world and become the possessor of a



300-acre farm, one of the finest in his section of the state.

Mr. Wilson traveled extensively in this country and in many places sought of his relatives the whereabouts of his sister, but all in vain. A short time ago he celebrated his seventy-second birthday, and then, feeling that age was at last coming on apace, he determined to make a final effort to see the sister from whom he had been separated for 51 years.

Mr. Wilson wrote to his brother in England, Isaac Wilson, seventy-six years old, who in turn wrote to his sister, Mrs. Martha Busby, who was still living on the old homestead in the north of Ireland. Through her it was learned that Mrs. Wallace was living in this city, and this information was sent to Mr. Wilson. A few weeks ago he came to Baltimore.

Electric Street Makes 'em All Dance



CHICAGO.—A man in a raglan overcoat and carrying a grip came along Clark street the other evening. His hat was pulled down over his brow to shield his face from the drizzling rain, and he seemed in a great hurry. Suddenly he stopped in front of No. 224 with a scared look on his face. Then he began to dance. The proprietor of the place at 224 rushed out, protesting.

"Here," he said, "you can't do that. You'll ruin my business."

He seized the dancer by the shoulders. "You'll have to—," he began, but the words died on his lips and gave way to the same scared look of the first man. He started dancing, too.

A crowd gathered. Some of them began to jeer. A street urchin pushed

a companion toward the dancers. He slid across the wet sidewalk and clutched the dancers' legs. Then he also began to dance.

"That's enough o' that," shouted a policeman, arriving, as usual, a little late. "Move on there," he went on, pushing roughly toward the dancers. And then he, too, began to dance.

There were four dancing now, and finally one of the four was crowded into the gutter. It was the small boy. "Say," he yelled, "they're electricity in that sidewalk. Them fellers is getting a shock."

By this time the first dancer had been crowded off the curb. "That's the trouble," he said; "pull those other two men out of there, will you?" The other dancers were pulled off the walk.

An investigation was started. A short circuited arc lamp and a wet sidewalk had united to electrify a strip of pavement about six feet square. Every person who touched it got a jolt of the power intended for fly paper. And then they danced.

Man Aged 75 Returns to Pioneer Life

EDWARDS, KAN.—Not many men are pioneers at the age of seventy-five. This Kansas town presents one who is just as active and as anxious to penetrate desert and jungle as were any men who located in the west fifty years ago. He is William J. Joseph.

This interesting Kansan was born in Morgantown, W. Va., came to Kansas forty years ago and located a homestead out near Potwin, in Butler county. He and his wife passed through all the hardships of the frontier, rearing a family of two sons and one daughter. As Mr. Joseph prospered, he bought land until he was owner of thousands of acres. Fifteen years ago Mrs. Joseph died and then the old pioneer still began to assert itself in this successful stockman and farmer.

Ignoring his age, he sold some of his interests and, with his only daughter, Alice, started for Africa, having heard of the possibilities of the land there. Arriving in Salisbury, Rhodesia, which is 300 miles inland and a Portuguese possession, Mr. Joseph looked around and soon had bought 25,000 acres of land at 50 cents an acre. They lived under the same conditions which prevailed in early Kansas days.



After spending a few months there Mr. Joseph and his daughter returned to their home in Butler county. But the wanderlust still was not satisfied, so a year ago he gathered up all his family and they made the second trip, the old pioneer leading the way to the promised land. This time the party stayed during the summer, and when they came home brought a Kas. Mr. Boy with them.

DIET FOR COLD WEATHER

Heavier Foods Are Taken in Winter Than Summer and in Greater Quantity.

The choice of foods in winter is of special importance.

Upon its digestion and assimilation depends the quality of blood, and a healthy body is not possible where this vital fluid is in an anemic condition.

Heavier foods, of course, are taken in winter than in summer, and in correspondingly greater quantity.

Heat producing foods should be selected, especially where the vitality is low.

Healthy, robust people do not require as much of this heavier food, as their blood is sufficiently rich and of sturdy warmth.

While pork is not desirable as an everyday diet, a little is beneficial on account of its fat when very well cooked, and it can be digested without ill effects.

Beef is also desirable, as also are potatoes.

Deets are blood makers and a moderate amount of sweets in any form is especially desirable for the winter fare.

Cocoa and chocolate are nourishing, and better results are obtained than where tea or coffee is taken.

Warm milk may be taken at night before retiring where insomnia is present.

This is also especially good to take before starting out into the cold, as it warms and nourishes at the same time.

Fruits, fresh and stewed, especially prunes and ripe figs, should be eaten in winter.

FOR MAKING GRAHAM BUNS

Good Rule to Follow When Milkman Is Late in Making His Appearance.

Sometimes the milkman does not put in an appearance at the usual time; therefore recipes for muffins and other breakfast breads which call for water instead of milk are useful. For graham muffins that do not call for milk, have ready two cupsful of graham flour, one cupful of wheat flour, two of warm water, a tablespoonful of butter and two of molasses, a teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar. Mix together in the usual way by sifting the two kinds of flour together with the soda and the cream of tartar and then adding the butter, the water and the molasses. It is well to add a little salt. Bake in hot-gem pans in a quick oven. Graham meal will not take the place of graham flour.

A Modern Convenience.

A new fireless cooker is made much like a refrigerator with a door that opens at the front and three shelves for foods. The box itself is of sheet iron with an outer frame of wood. The top of the stove has a heavy sheet of galvanized iron on which the gas burners are mounted. The gas is lighted and left burning until all the foods to be cooked are heated through thoroughly and then it is turned out, the hood is let down and the cooker does its work in the usual way. The top of the stove may be used like any gas stove, when the fireless cooker is not wanted.

Children's Delight Cookies.

One cup sour cream or a tablespoon each of butter and lard, one cup sugar, one egg, one teaspoon soda, dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoon baking powder, a pinch of salt and flour enough to roll out quite thin. Spread half of the dough with pitted raw prunes chopped fine and a few drops of lemon added to the prunes, or the lemon may be omitted; double over the other half of the dough, roll slightly, cut and bake in a hot oven. Any kind of jam, raisins, or any other fruit can be used instead of prunes.

Oyster Dressing.

Add to one pound of bread, grated fine, omitting the crusts, one scant cupful of melted butter, two stalks of celery and half an onion minced fine, and salt and pepper to season. Next add two quarts of fine oysters, with enough of their liquor to moisten. Be careful that no pieces of shell get in. Fill the turkey and baste with equal parts of oyster liquor and water.

Keeping Bread Fresh.

Bread and cake may be kept fresh by soaking a medium-sized new clean sponge with cold water. Set it on a saucer or in a small bowl and place it in the bread box. When all the moisture is absorbed, wet the sponge again.

The bread stays moist and fresh for several days.

Crumbs for Frying.

Care should be taken in drying bread to be used for crumbs. Do not let it remain in the oven long enough to brown, for cutlets or croquettes rolled in overbrowned crumbs will not brown when frying.

Sweet Potato Stew.

Slice potato half an inch thick, stew with chops or pieces of tenderloin, and take up all together when done. Season the gravy with cream, salt and pepper, and a little parsley minced fine.

Grandmother's Pancakes.

Scant one pint sour milk, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup molasses, one egg, one teaspoon soda, little ginger. Mix with one-half Indian meal and two-thirds rye meal thick enough to drop from spoon into hot fat.



Said Lazy Louis
I must say—
I wish I were
a flower—
For they stay in
their beds all
day—
And never heed
the hour

TO MAKE AN AUSTRIAN TOP

Not Difficult to Put Together and Can Be Cut From Ordinary Broom-handle—How It Is Worked.

All parts of an Austrian top are of wood and they are simple to make. The handle is a piece of pine 5/4 inches long, 1 1/4 inches wide and three-fourths inch thick. A handle, three-



fourths inch in diameter, is formed on one end, allowing only 1 1/4 inches of the other end to remain rectangular in shape. Bore a three-fourths inch hole in this end of the top. A one-sixteenth inch hole is bored in the edge to enter the large hole as shown, says a writer in Popular Mechanics. The top can be cut from a broom handle or a round stick of hardwood.

To spin the top take a piece of stout cord about two feet long, pass one end through the one-sixteenth inch hole and wind it on the small part of the top in the usual way, starting at the bottom and winding upward. When the shank is covered, set the top in the three-fourths inch hole. Take hold of the handle with the left hand and the end of the cord with the right hand, give a good quick pull on the cord and the top will jump clear of the handle and spin vigorously.

VEHICLE PROPELLED BY HAND

Wheels for Common Cart Can Be Secured at Any Junk Shop at Slight Expense—Makes Lever Auto.

Any boy following the directions given here can convert a common four-wheeled cart into a hand propelled vehicle.

If you would like to own a lever auto like this one and do not happen to have a cart, you can get wheels at a junk yard at slight expense. The beginning of your work will be to take out the rear axle and substitute for it the crank-shaped one shown in the



Hand-Propelled Vehicle.

drawing. The best place to obtain a rod long enough to be shaped into the crank is the junk yard.

Before you put your new axle in place make a wooden lever similar to the one shown under the wagon. It is made of two small blocks nailed to the sides of a longer stick near the end of the latter. Another lever comes up through a hole in the bottom of the cart and has a cross piece nailed on the upper end for a handle. Two blocks like the one shown in the cut are fastened under the wagon and a bolt is driven through them and through the upright lever to act as a pivot.

Puzzler for Little Fay.

Little Fay had been given a ten-cent piece and sent to buy a postage stamp. The clerk gave her the stamp, and eight pennies in change. Fay counted the pennies twice. Then she said, with a puzzled look, "I don't think this is right. How much did you say a two-cent stamp cost?"